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The McArthur Enquirer.

J. W. BOWEN, Editor and Proprietor.

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Selected Poetry.

"I'm Just Going Over Home."

BY H.

I'm a poor, wayfarer stranger
While traveling through this world of
woe,
But there's no sickness, death, nor danger,
In that bright world to which I go.

CHORUS:
I'm going there to see my Father,
I'm going there no more to roam;
I'm just a going over Jordan,
I'm just a going over home.

I know dark clouds will gather round me;
I know my path is rough and steep;
But heavenly fields lie just before me,
Where God's redeemed His vigils keep.

CHORUS:
I'm going there to meet my Mother,
I'm going there to see my Father.

I feel my sins are all forgiven;
I feel I'm on my journey home;
I'm going away to see my Father,
Where Jesus saviors and his love come.

CHORUS:
I'm going there to see my Brother,
I'm going there to see my Father.

I will soon be free from every trial;
My dust shall sleep in the Churchyard;
I will drop the cross of self-denial,
Attendance on the great reward.

CHORUS:
I'm going there to see my Sister,
I'm going there to see my Father.

I know there's no sin my children,
I know there's no sin my Father's throne;
I'm just a going over Jordan,
I'm just a going over home.

I want to sing salvation's story,
In concert with the blood-washed band;
I want to wear a crown of glory,
When I get home to that good land.

I'm going there to see my Saviour,
To shout His praise through heaven's dome;
I'm just a going over Jordan,
I'm just a going over home.

The Anxious Visit.

BY J. C.

In 1865 I changed my residence and located in a row of fine houses, but for some months made no acquaintance with my new neighbors. At length I heard that Mr. N., who lived the third door from me, was somewhat ill. He was a tall, gentlemanly man, whom I had seen passing my door almost daily; and I said to myself, "Shall I let this neighbor be sick, and perhaps die, without any effort for his good?" I felt afraid to call on him, and yet not afraid to call. After praying over the matter a few times, I determined to go.

I rang the bell, asked for Mr. N., and while waiting in the library, saw that it contained on almost every subject, but not a page to point a soul heavenward—not even a Bible.

In a few minutes I was taken up stairs to his chamber,

He received me in a gentlemanly manner. After enquiring in regard to the nature of his disease, I tried to give the conversation a religious turn, but received no satisfactory response. I asked him if he was in the habit of going to church.

He said he went occasionally. I asked him if he had ever felt any special interest in regard to his soul. He said not in rather a significant manner, as if it was none of my business. I felt that it was not wise to push the matter any further at that time, and did not even propose prayer. I asked him if he was able to read. He said a little. I told him I would send him some tracts on religious subjects, which I immediately did, such as, "Call to Prayer," "Come to Jesus." He asked me to call again.

About a week after I called again. He was evidently growing weaker. I kindly told him that I feared he would never be any better in this world, and the sooner he set about preparation for another the better. He was deeply affected. I asked him if he understood the plan of salvation. He said he had never thought much about it. I told him of God's love in giving His Son to die for us. He said, "I never could believe that God was so unjust as to suffer His Son to be put to death to save men. I look upon it as an act of cruelty too great for any one but a monster."

I told him God did not force His Son to die, but that Jesus Christ pitied us in our ruined condition, and voluntarily took upon himself the work of our salvation; that such was the character of God, being infinite, like himself, and nothing short of an infinite sacrifice could meet the claim. He did not seem to grasp the idea.

I then told him about the interview between Christ and Nicodemus; that Christ told him he must be born again; that the Spirit of God was the third person in the Godhead; that when we read the word of God, or heard it preached, the Spirit applied it, and made us feel that we were sinners. This led us to pray, or cry to God for deliverance, till we were brought to feel willing to forsake our sins and believe with all our heart in Jesus Christ.

He listened with the most intense interest. I asked him if I should pray for him. "Oh yes," said he, "do pray for me; I feel that I am a poor, miserable sinner." He wept bitterly. He begged me to call as often as I could. Said he, "I have learned more about religion than I ever did in all my life before."

I called two or three times each week for about a month. He was every day becoming more and more anxious about his soul.

I had tried hard to get him to understand how God could be just, and saved sinners by His Son Jesus Christ. One day he was in great agony of mind, and my whole soul was moved for him. I said, "Mr. N., suppose you were in debt a million of dollars and shut up in prison for it, and could not get out till the debt was paid, what would you do?" "Well," said he, "I never could pay it." And I said, suppose some benevolent person who had money would take pity on you and pay it off, and then come to the prison and knock it open for you, and say, 'Mr. N., I have paid off all your debt, and here is the receipt in full; come out of prison, would you not come out?'" Certainly I would, and thank him all my life for it.

"Well," said I, "Mr. N., you are locked up in the prison house of death; you are in debt to the law of God an infinite amount that you can never pay, and I tell you Jesus Christ has paid it all, and stands beside you this moment holding out to you the receipt, which in his bloody hands torn with the nails on the cross, He says to you, 'Believe in me, accept of what I have done, and come out of the prison-house of death, and I will save you.'"

He instantly grasped me with both hands, and said, "Is it possible that the way to be saved is so plain as that, and

that I have lived forty-five years in this world without knowing it?" He repeated it over and over: "Is it possible that Jesus paid it all? Lord, help me to believe it." Said I, "That is the plan; believe, and trust in Christ, and you are safe."

In a moment his face was lit up with joy, and he grasped me in his arms, pouring out his thanks to me for coming in to see him and teaching him how to be saved. "It was you and those little books that saved my soul."

His wife, who had been a careless, fashionable woman, and who was sitting as if she would break her heart, rose up and came to him. She was startled at his appearance. He grasped her in his arms: "Oh, my dear wife, I am saved; Jesus paid it all!" In a moment her countenance too was lit with joy.

The news soon spread that Mr. N. was converted. His friends were mostly irreligious, and so were many of his neighbors, but from day to day he continued to repeat what I had told him about Christ paying it all. His sick-chamber became a mission chapel, where I have no doubt a number were born again.

Mr. G. asked me all about what occurred at each visit, and would listen with the most profound interest. He had a large family and when I told him about the little tracts Mr. N. read, he handed me a \$20 note, and said, "Buy the word of that for me and my family."

In a few weeks Mr. N. died with the same expression of joy on his face. I never left him from the moment he believed till he died.

These are the results, as far as man can see, of the anxious visit. Fellow-Christians, tell men Jesus paid it all.

He Will Never Forsake.

This world is a world of leaving, parting, separation, failure and disappointment. Think of finding something that will never leave or fail—Grasp this promise: "I will never leave thee," and store it in your heart, you will want it some day. The hour will come when you will find nothing so comforting as a sense of God's companionship. Stick to that word "never." It is worth its weight in gold. Cling to it as a drowning man clings to a rope. Grasp it firmly as a soldier attacked on all sides grasps his sword. "Never!" Though young heart faints and you are sick of self failures and infirmities, even the promise will not fail.

"Never!" Though the devil whispers, "I shall have you at last, your faith will fail and you will be mine," even then God will keep his word.

"Never!" When the cold chill of death creeps on and friends can do no more and you are starting on that journey from which there is no return—even then Christ will not forsake you.

"Never!" When the day of judgment comes, and the books are opened and eternity is beginning even then the promise will bear all of your weight. Christ will not let go his hold on your soul.

As eminently pious traders whom I knew, used to say, "Blessed be God, when I rise on the Monday, I can get up with less worldly-mindedness, but by the time Saturday comes, I seem to have labored so long in the world that I begin to enter to much into its spirit and customs, and then how glad I am to see my darkened warehouse on the Sabbath morning, that I may go to that dear place where my God meets his people." Though there is but one day in which we can particularly serve God, yet it is through the strength of that day that we are properly kept the other days.

I pray that I may be enabled to look as much to God, the Holy Ghost, for sanctification as I do, through faith, to God the Son, my redeemer, for pardon and justification.

The Evidence of Christians is

generally clouded by trifling.

SNOWING AND BLOWING.

A good book upon the moralities of the season is yet to be written. Our great English poem upon the subject, full as it is of exquisitely charming pictures, is not very profound in its philosophy. The delicate grace of Cowper has illustrated with a tender feeling which makes us love him the succession of the seasons; but the color of his scenes, both out door and in, is thoroughly English. Our speculations upon the weather, to be worth much, must be climatically accurate. Our good old fashioned North-East snow storms, for instance, are probably unlike those of any other region. They have snow in Russia, and now and then, a respectable snow storm in the regions visited by Dr. Kane; but the white veil there does not fall upon the same conditions. In Arctic countries the snow is expected every winter; with us a great fall is a constantly renewed novelty, and, if it be very great, a fresh astonishment. It is an inexhaustible subject of conversation. It is a remorseless disturber of human proposals. It prevents undertakings; it hinders business; it suspends amusements; it blocks up the thoroughfares; it makes us prisoners in our own houses; it promptly stops the railway trains; it is as bad to walk to as to ride; it tries our tempers, it discourages our energies, and it gives us the rheumatism; it makes some of us involuntary hermits at home, and some of us it cuts off from home altogether; it is as hard on horses, and renders the daily foraging of the cheerful little sparrows difficult and unproductive—in short, for a few days, it utterly changes the current of human affairs, or perhaps we should say that it arrests it altogether. It brings waste and loss. It waylays travelers by land and by sea, sometimes with a mortal pertinacity. It meddles with all our works and ways. It is worse than hot weather, because it impedes movement. It is more dogged than the hurricane and is as insidious in its way as a simoon.

But it is the part of the wise to extract comfort from every thing. We had no trouble in getting this from the snow when we were small and supple boys; when we fought pretty serious battles with the damp, hard balls; when we carved the great white images; when we rushed down-hill faster even than we have been rushing since; when sleighing was nobler in our unsophisticated minds than all the chariot-races sung by Pindar; when we could skate, and when we could slide, and when overcoats, no matter how low the mercury might be, were to us a burdensome incumbrance. In some moods, we ask ourselves, where are our summers? Last week, if at all reflective and old enough to be seriously so, we old and growing-old people might have asked ourselves, where are our winters? As we grow old, we wax particular about the barometer and the thermometer, the warmth of our flannel and the thickness of our boot-soles. We stride indifferently no longer, splashing through thick and thin, but pick our way over the muddy crossings and the glassy pavements. Our shoulders may be still broad and not very round, but we observe in them just the faintest suspicion of rheumatism. We begin to know what winter means.

Fortunate are we if we escape a moral winter, and happy are we, if, come good hap or evil we can still keep summer in the heart. Whatever may happen to the bodies of our readers, we trust that their souls will not get snowed up nor their hearts frozen. To a great many, let us remember that a great snow brings great suffering. So long as the sun shines and the temperature remains at a moderate point, deprivation and want, nakedness and hunger, may be just tolerable. But fierce and extreme weather, which interfered with the habits of the "well-to-do" and the comfortably domesticated, is fearful and perhaps fatal to them.

who are needy and friendless. Winter, which makes our best blessings of home and close kinship brighter than ever, should touch our heart and open our hands. While the poor are so almost utterly helpless, let us be chary of our catechising, and believe all the mendacities of mendacity so far as possible. Above all, let us cultivate cheerfulness, so that if we give we may give cheerfully, and if we refuse help, we may do so with reasonable politeness. It cannot be denied that winter tests our nerves; is there nothing else—charity, for instance—which it subjects to a similar moral?

Living Too Fast.

As a business nation, we occasionally make very grave mistakes; not in the mere matter of dollars and cents—though a good deal may even be said on this subject—but in our endeavors to stand in the front rank as merchants, as politicians, we draw too heavily on the bank account of nature, and, in consequence, become bankrupts. An honest business man will hesitate before expending more money than he earns; in fact, his property is based on the maxim that receipts should greatly overbalance outlays, judicious axiom is forgotten, and as a result, we die of American disease, nervous prostration.

When man, struggling against human nature, has an opponent who makes no allowance for mistakes; an antagonist without spite, but also without pity. If moderation be observed, the antagonism is healthful, is productive of decent ambition; but the moment humanity rushes into excesses, it finds itself opposed by a power against which it is vain to struggle, over which it is impossible to triumph.

We boast of our energy, and with some reason, for we have no medium even in trifles. As we destroy sleep by brooding over vast financial schemes, so we destroy health in the interest of real estate. We cannot eat a sandwich like the rest of the world, but gulp it down without mastication for fear of losing a minute or two of valuable time. When an overworked stomach protests, when a weary brain gives unmistakable signs of exhaustion, the lesson is not read aright; the overburdened animal is rested, but is forced into fresh activity by means of alcoholic poisons. Another law of our existence is that we must never be seen without a cigar or drugged "fine-cut" tobacco in our mouths. Moderation even in this luxury is disregarded, and our blood, like our cloths, is tainted with nicotine. Perhaps it is impossible to refer to the amount of saliva daily lost by a shrewd business man; but what society ignores, nature takes a strict account of, as evidenced in sunken cheeks, dry lips, and lack-luster eyes. We have read in novels that the rich East Indian uncle is compelled to stimulate his liver with curry to keep digestion alive. The quantity of high spiced articles consumed in this country would cause astonishment in the breast of even a Bramaputra owner of a white elephant. If Peter Piper picked and ate a peck of pickled peppers, he would still in this respect be far behind the average American school girl.

Knowing the life of our business men, it is not astonishing that so many die of nervous exhaustion, but the wonder is that any should be alive to tell the tale. The artificial requirements of American civilization are so many that, perhaps, some of our excesses are excusable; but that we should earn money that we can never possibly use, that we should struggle for positions we can hardly ever reach, or, if reached, at the expense of health, perhaps life, are problems that will tax even ingenuity to explain. Posterity is none the better for our gains, for it follows in the same footsteps, becomes afflicted with the same diseases, dies the same death. Infants are inoculated with the mania for being "smart," and learn books

keeping before they know the difference between right from wrong; youths become acquainted with the mysteries of tobacco and the intricacies of gambling before they are aware that they have either heart or brains. We are a fast nation in every sense of the term. Like the puff-ball, we grow from almost nothing to gigantic size in one night; and, like the puff-ball, having reached maturity, are good for nothing but to die. With amusement surrounding us on every side, we really do not know what enjoyment means; theaters are bores, only to be tolerated because they give us the opportunity of drinking brandy between the acts, ball-rooms are used as exhibition markets for our marriageable daughters, but have no other influence for sedate elders; our very house-hold fires are surrounded with only vacant chairs.

A feverish nervousness, begotten of our routine labors, makes us fretful, ill-natured, and dyspeptic. Everything is regarded from a business point of view; everything which has no direct bearing on business is looked upon as of trifling value. We marry as a speculation, live for money, and die, that our names may be used as synonyms of remarkable business tact.

All is sacrificed for business; life itself is only another name for rise and fall in stocks; and so we go on, day by day, accumulating money, day by day burning away our physical energy, day by day deadening our nervous sensibility, until exhaustion and a tombstone complete the unity of the tragedy. We have already lost many of our distinguished citizens through the American disease, and unless we are content to live more moderately we shall lose many more. As it is, life is short enough, and pleasures few and far between. If we cannot all be great we can at least be indifferently sensible, and not willfully burn out the candle of life by lighting it at both ends.

Swarm of Scripture Be's.

Be converted, Acts 3:19

Be renewed, Eph. 4:23

Be obedient, " "

Be comforted, Col. 2:2

Be content, Heb. 13:5

Be sober, 1 Pet. 1:14

Be thankful, Col. 3:15

Be discreet, Tit. 2:5

Be gentle, 2 Tim. 2:24

Be loved, 1 John 3:21

Be courteous, 1 Pet. 3:8

Be pitiful, " "

Be wise, 1 Cor. 3:8

Be diligent, 2 Pet. 3:14

Be faithful, Rev. 2:10

Be zealous, Gal. 4:18

Be temperate, Tit. 1:8

Be vigilant, 1 Pet. 5:8

Be ready, 1 Pet. 3:15

Be glad, " "

Be good, 2 Cor. 5:10

Be holy, 1 Peter 1:16

Be perfect, 2 Cor. 13:11

Be Christ's, Gal. 3:26

A PAINTER was once employed to paint a picture of the great Macedonian monarch in one of his battles he had been struck with a sabre upon the forehead, and a large scar had been left upon his right temple. The artist sketched him leaning upon his elbow, his finger covering the scar. So when we hold up the characters of others before the world let us lay the finger of Christian-like charity over the scars.

There is a great demand for

good preachers in Texas.

The Northern Methodist Conference recently held a session in Austin, Texas, and used a Presbyterian house of worship connected with the Northern General Assembly.

Rev. Elisha House, of Mason, Mich., is now in his eighty-sixth year. He was licensed as a preacher in 1807, and has his first parchment, signed by Bishop Asbury in 1814.

The 80 carriage shops of Amesbury and Salisbury turned out 17,000 carriages during the year 1871. For 1871 the sales will amount to fully 19,000.

Pittsburg managers refuse front seats in the theaters to ladies who do up their hair in a mode.

Stephen Allen's Pocket Piece.

In the pocket book of the Hon. Stephen Allen, who was drowned on board the H. Clay, was found a printed slip apparently cut from a newspaper, of which the following is a copy. It is worthy to be put in every newspaper and engraved on every young man's heart.

Make few promises.
Always speak the truth.
Keep good company or none.
Never speak evil of any one.
Live up to your engagements.
Be just before you are generous.

Never play at any game of chance.
Drink no kind of intoxicating liquors.
Good character is above all things else.

Keep your own secrets, if you have any.
Never borrow if you can possibly help it.

Do not marry until you can support a wife.
Keep yourself innocent if you would be happy.

When you speak to a person look him in the face.
Make no haste to be rich if you would prosper.

Ever live (misfortune expected) within your income.
Save when you are young to spend when you are old.

Avoid temptation, though fear you may not withstand it.
Never run into debt unless you see a way to get out again.

Small and steady gains give competency, with a tranquil mind.
Good company and a good conversation are the sinews of virtue.

Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts.
If any one speaks evil of you let your life be so that none will believe him.